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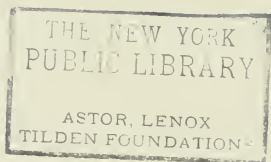
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HELEN DRAKE BEALS

"FOR YOU ARE WORTHY OF THE WELLESLEY BLUE!"

"IN THY FACE HAVE I SEEN THE ETERNAL."

HELEN DRAKE BEALS

A FATHER'S TRIBUTE

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HELEN DRAKE BEALS

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Helen Drake Beals was born in Mansfield, Massachusetts, January 5, 1895, and died at the home of her parents, Stoughton, Massachusetts, December 22, 1914.

She was the daughter of Reverend Charles Edward and Nellie Vernon (Drake) Beals. On her father's side she was in the tenth generation from John Beals, who settled at Hingham in 1638. In her maternal line she was descended from Thomas Drake, who settled in Weymouth in 1653, being in the ninth generation from that progenitor. Helen's Beals ancestry was as follows: Helen Drake, 10; (Charles Edward, 9; Charles Emery, 8; Jedediah, 7; Jedediah, 6; Eleazer, 5; Israel, 4; Thomas, 3; John, 2; John, 1.) Her Drake line was: Helen Drake, 9; (Nellie Vernon, 8; Ebenezer Hayward, 7; Ebenezer, 6; Nathan, Jr., 5; Nathan, 4; Joseph, 3; Benjamin, 2; Thomas, 1.) Several of her ancestors came over in the Mayflower.

Helen lived successively in Mansfield, Mass., Phenix, R. I., East Boston, Mass., Stoneham, Mass., Greenfield, Mass., Cambridge, Mass., Stoughton, Mass., Evanston, Ill., Wellesley, Mass., and again in Stoughton. Best of all, she loved the little summer home at Passaconaway, N. H., nestling cosily among the White Mountains.

Helen's school career began when, as a little twinkled-eyed, chubby five-year-old, she toddled down to the Primary School in Stoneham. She was always a faithful, hardworking student, a good scholar, and a comfort to her teachers. On June 17, 1908, she graduated from the Stoughton Grammar School as class prophet. Four years later, namely, on June 20, 1912, she graduated from the Evanston (Illinois) Township High School, one of the very best high schools in the United States.

In September, 1912, Helen entered Wellesley College, matriculating in the class of 1916. She was admitted without condition upon a certificate from the Evanston High School. During her freshman year she roomed at the home of Mrs. E. Z. Stevens, 12 Abbott Street, and took her meals at Noanett. During her sophomore year she roomed at 43 Wilder Hall, boarding in the same building. In her freshman year she attained honor rank in all her studies. And in the final examinations of her sophomore year she took honor rank in every study except chemistry, and in chemistry passed successfully.

Early in 1912, a few months before entering college, in the excitement of a basket ball game at Evanston, Helen bit her tongue. The tongue became sore and remained unhealed, although doctor after doctor was consulted. At last, however, after two years, a cure seemed to be effected. Then came the lamentable fire at Wellesley, when historic College Hall burned. With other students, Helen stood in line for over two hours, helping to pass books from the burning building to a place of safety. Her shoes were soaked. Excitement and sorrow for her *alma mater* greatly fatigued her and reduced her usual abounding vitality. Within a very short time after the fire a malignant growth developed in the old wound on the tongue. Almost immediately followed infection of the glands in the neck. In spite of weakness and severe pain, Helen finished her year's work at Wellesley, taking the final examinations when scarcely able to sit up. She then immediately entered the Massachusetts Homoeopathic Hospital, Boston, for surgical treatment. A minor preliminary operation confirmed the diagnosis as cancer and revealed, beyond the possibility of doubting, the exact nature of the disease. On the 17th of June, 1914, a severe surgical operation was performed. Happily her speech remained unimpaired. Apparently the disease had been conquered. After a month in the hospital and two weeks at Stoughton, she was able to travel to the White Mountains, where she gained rapidly in strength. Unfortunately in ten short days the swelling and pain reappeared and she was obliged to return to the hospital. On the 21st of August a second operation was performed, but all in vain. The disease cells had so deeply infiltrated into the tissues as to be beyond the reach of the knife. The X-Ray treatment was resorted to, and for a time seemed to allay somewhat the

intense pain. But it was powerless to halt the disease. Nothing remained but to make the sufferer as comfortable as possible. Thereafter the pain gnawed unceasingly. If a tiger had buried red-hot fangs in the throat of its helpless victim, and had writhed and twisted and torn, the agony would not have been more terrible than the unrelaxing, aching, throbbing, darting, burning, gnawing, throttling pain which this brave girl endured all uncomplainingly, night and day, for long weeks. Under such circumstances death could but be welcomed as the kindest of friends, as a friend whose coming had been all too slow.

It is in times of overwhelming trouble that one comes to realize how much of God's own goodness there is in human hearts. From near and far, beautiful letters of sympathy and cheer poured in upon Helen to hearten her in her brave campaign in the dark valley of pain and death. This pouring out of love came from friends in over a dozen states, ranging from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast. Resolutions and greetings came not only from churches in which Helen was remembered as a winsome Sunday School scholar, but also from other churches with which she never had been affiliated. The Prospect Street Church and Sunday School of Cambridge repeatedly manifested its sympathy by communications, flowers, pastoral calls and never-to-be-forgotten personal visitation by members. The Stoneham Congregational Church ministered similarly. The Congregational, Universalist and Methodist Churches of Stoughton watched with amazement their gallant little friend and could not do enough to express their affection. The Chicago Peace Society, of which Helen had been a member during her father's secretaryship, sent official communications expressive of appreciation and sympathy and love. Even strangers, who had heard of her uncomplaining fortitude, called or sent messages. Said the head nurse of Helen's ward, "I never knew a patient who received so many flowers, nor one so brave and sweet and lovable." Special mention should be made of the generous thoughtfulness of Auntie Phinney, whose thousand great and little kindnesses helped Helen to forget, in a measure, the almost unendurable pain. Also Cousins Frank and Mary Phinney of Warren, Mass., sent a vase filled with rare and exquisite flowers, which vase was replenished regularly, every two or

three days, until the end. Nor was this all. There were substantial gifts which cannot well be spoken of, but without which not so large a measure of relative comfort could have been provided for the dear sufferer.

Former teachers, old schoolmates, college chums, pastors and other intimate friends came in person to bring cheer, only to find, to their astonishment, that they were the comforted and she the comforter.

Helen's second stay in the hospital covered thirteen weeks. Then, on November 17th, she was removed to her home in Stoughton, where she lingered, in increasing pain and weakness, until Christmas week, when her wish that she might be released before Christmas was gratified, and her beautiful soul was set free.

The funeral was held at the home of Helen's great-aunt Mrs. J. G. Phinney, Summer Street, Stoughton, on Thursday afternoon, December 24, 1914. Rev. E. F. Studley, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, read Biblical and poetical selections, said selections in accordance with Helen's directions being triumphant and hopeful; Rev. F. T. Mayer-Oakes, Congregational pastor, tenderly prayed; and Rev. L. J. Richards, of the Universalist Church, read a brief biographical sketch and offered consolatory remarks. At Helen's request the floral tributes were sent to the hospital in which she had so long received such loving care, and the flowers were distributed among the patients on Christmas morning. In accordance with Helen's oft expressed wish, her body was reverently cremated at the Forest Hills Crematory.

So much for the hasty survey of some of the outward and recordable chapters in the unfolding of this young life and the sad story of Helen's subsequent indescribable physical suffering. But there are other things to speak of, brighter memories to chronicle, more abiding verities to cherish, deeper sanctities to treasure.

First, let us see what were some of the formative influences which helped to shape Helen's character. First in point of time, and also first in importance, perhaps, was the home. Helen was a prayer child. Pre-natally she was consecrated to the service of God and humanity. Before she had being, her parents prayed that the new member of the family might be well born, physically and mentally and morally, and, in time,

develop into a wholesome, brave, truth-loving, unselfish soul, whose high function it should be to interpret the deeper meaning of life. That parental prayer was answered in fullest measure, far beyond the parents' fondest dreams for their first baby. The child had the very best that her parents could give. And the best elements in mother and father seemed to be blended and re-incarnated in this holy child of love and prayer. Helen was a "eugenics" baby, before that word was so well known as it is today.

The beautiful life of Helen's devoted mother furnished a perpetual and living example of unselfish service. The father's professional work made it natural to talk about the highest and most vital themes in daily conversation. Especially profitable were the spontaneous Sunday evening talks in the home circle. All the great human problems, the timeless questions of right and wrong, responsibility and freedom, habit, truthfulness, work, self-mastery, courage, growth, justice, brotherhood, service, reforms, pain, sacrifice, and immortality were talked over, again and again. In these talks Helen always was asking questions. And such questions! They went right to the very heart of things. She could not and would not be satisfied until she saw for herself. The father would tell the girlie all he knew concerning the subject under discussion and then frankly say: "This is as it seems to me now. Perhaps later I shall get more data and change my mind. But as far as I have been able to go, this is how it looks to me. If this view seems reasonable, take it, not because Old Dad says so or thinks so, but because of its reasonableness. But always keep your mind open to receive more information and completer truth." If one were pressed to say what influences helped most to give a religious trend to all of Helen's plans, perhaps these Sunday evening talks in the home might be named as second only to the sterling, kindly, reverent, radiant life of Helen's mother.

Mother and daughter were chums. Every little personal and social secret and problem which arose in school and college had to be talked over with "Little Mumsie." And as the girlie matured, this comradeship deepened and strengthened and grew more and more beautiful. Nor was she one whit less her papa's own child. From her earliest infancy, the "First Baby" and "Old Dad" were always fellow conspira-

tors together in mischief, and in later years fellow learners in the school of life. And in the terrible months of Helen's final illness, this fellowship of parent and child ripened in tenderness, intimacy and preciousness, until the relation became something hallowed, luminous with the glory light of an approaching translation.

Next to the home, in point of time, came the church. When five months and four days old, namely, on June 9, 1895, Helen was baptized at Mansfield, Mass., by the Reverend Jacob Ide, the venerable pastor of the Congregational Church of that town. As a Sunday School scholar she was a conscientious and lovable little girl. In her memory book are programs of concerts in which she took part from her early childhood up. If all Sunday School teachers could feel assured that their work and lives were helping some bright child as Helen was helped by Miss Alice Bell and Mrs. Clay of Stoneham, by Mrs. Newton of Greenfield, by Miss Mabel Cotton of Cambridge, by Miss M. Alice Burnham of Stoughton, and by Miss Ancinette Gardner of Evanston, Ill., they would feel that their work was well worth doing, and would re-dedicate themselves to it with a new reverence and a glad courage. On March 5, 1905, the ten-year-old lass united with the Prospect Street Congregational Church of Cambridge, of which her father at that time was pastor. When her father's secretarial work in Chicago took the family to the Central West, Helen transferred her membership to the First Congregational Church of Evanston, joining that body by letter on June 26th, 1910. Although the family returned to New England on May 1st, 1914, Helen retained her membership in Evanston during the remainder of her life. But, although Helen nominally affiliated with the church, she ever thought of religion as something infinitely bigger and better than ecclesiasticism. Hence, to her, church relations seemed quite secondary in importance to duty and reverence and service and sincerity and purity and love. It seemed to her that the church always left a great deal to be desired. But religion flooded Helen's whole nature, causing her entire life to glow with a sacred light.

Second only in importance to the home influence was the influence of school and college. During her grammar school course in Stoughton it was Helen's good fortune to come into

contact with an exceptionally fine teacher and a rare soul, Miss Myra Coffin. From this period date the painstaking thoroughness and the insatiable hunger for knowledge which characterized her subsequent career. It was Miss Coffin who helped the bright-faced girl to find herself. And between teacher and pupil there sprang up an unusual and abiding friendship. Later, in the Evanston High School, there were two teachers whose influence Helen found particularly stimulating, namely, Professor Wilfred F. Beardsley, the principal, and Miss Grace Cooley, teacher of English Literature. The mathematics course in this great school was a stiff one. Sometimes Helen would work from three to five hours on a single algebra problem. But such strenuous training as this only revealed to herself the stuff of which this earnest, conscientious girl was made, and imparted to her an ever-increasing confidence in herself and in her ability to overcome all obstacles by patience and hard work.

At Wellesley her eager, truth-seeking soul found a breadth of intellectual and moral horizon which satisfied. She inhaled deep breaths of invigorating idealism, and her desire to render service was fanned into a white heat. The biography of Alice Freeman Palmer was the great power book of Helen's whole life. The admirable self-control and unselfish conduct of the girls on the night of the great fire and President Pendleton's prayer at chapel on the following morning made a deep impression on her. Certain messages brought by college preachers (notably a specially helpful sermon by President Hyde of Bowdoin) furnished timely inspiration to her unfolding soul. A course in argumentation strengthened her life-long habit of grasping the central and all-important things. Most helpful of all her studies was a course in Old Testament prophetism and ideals, conducted by Miss Muriel Streibert. This Bible study in the college curriculum made the old book a new volume, a human, helpful volume to her. Indeed Miss Streibert's course came to be the very pith of Helen's college work, around which all other subjects grouped themselves as so much preparation for the service which this highminded student dreamed of rendering in the world.

Helen loved Wellesley. No young woman ever found her girlhood's dreams of a college education more completely realized than did she. The reality was even better than she

had pictured it in anticipation. That for which she had long been hungering she now found. She matured, she gained a new outlook upon life, she was confirmed in life plans which hitherto had been but indistinct and hazily defined, mind and will took on a firmness which defied error and difficulty. She was enabled to take her bearings for herself, and with this orientation of self and the new appraisal of life's values she was able to launch herself on the voyage of life unafraid. For this enlargement of soul, this re-birth of mind, she gave grateful credit to her *alma mater*. Her letters are full of enthusiastic praise of, and gratitude to, Wellesley. It had been the making of her, she wrote, and she wanted her younger sister to have the same experience in the same environment.

Laid aside, shackled to pain, doomed to death, this loyal Wellesley daughter could not "be sick comfortably" until she had succeeded in selling some dozens of pencils by which means 1916 was endeavoring to swell the Restoration Fund. One of the forces which helped to keep up her courage during the

"One fight more—
The best and the last,"

was the steady stream of visitors and letters from Wellesley. A beautiful and tender letter in President Pendleton's own hand-writing brought renewed determination to endure heroically. "Miss Pendleton expects me to be brave. I can't flinch now," she said. Another Wellesley letter which was highly prized was from a fellow student who had suffered greatly from an automobile accident. This girl could intelligently appreciate Helen's pluck. After expressing her admiration for the courageous fight Helen was making, Irene quoted the closing words of a Wellesley cheer: "For you are worthy of the Wellesley blue!" Helen regarded this as the highest and most welcome compliment she had received.

Mention must be made of books, in noting the influences which helped to shape her character, for without books Helen never would have become the broad-minded humanitarian that she was. To her, books were food and tools and travel and paradise. Her reading was extensive and deep. A rapid reader, she devoured whole shelves. As a little girl she read and re-read Miss Alcott's charming volumes. The excellent

course in English literature which the Evanston High School offers to its pupils helped her to annex a world of delightful and valuable knowledge. Through literature she learned religion as she had never learned it even from the church. At seventeen she knew more about literature than her father knew at thirty-five. Prescribed courses of reading could not tie her down. She branched out and read for herself, but read discriminatingly and profitably. To her, reading was not a substitute for thinking, but a help to independence of opinion and action. She never read to kill time or for mere entertainment. Books, to her, meant not mental paralysis, but challenge, stimulus, friendly help. Her favorite poet was Browning, the bravest, most refreshingly wholesome, most daringly human poet in the English language. Again and again in her sickness she would exclaim, "Browning is my poet! He was brave, through and through!" Not so much from New Testament evangel and epistle as from Robert Browning came the words of stoutest heartening to this girl who "greeted with a cheer" the fiery ordeal of pain, and

"Marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break . . .
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

We must say a word also concerning Helen's friends and friendships, for they were no unimportant factor in her life. In every town and city in which she lived, in every school and church which she attended, the very best girls were the ones whom she attracted and with whom enduring friendships grew and strengthened. She was slow in choosing friends, but it was the solid, worthy, sincere girls towards whom she naturally gravitated. In these friendships she was broad and loyal. It mattered not whether a girl was Jew or Christian, Protestant or Catholic, rich or poor, Helen's kindnesses and affections overleaped all artificial, man-made boundary lines. One of her dearest friends was a fine-souled Chinese girl who graduated from Wellesley. Having once formed a friendship she was loyalty itself. Other girls, on entering college, sometimes drop the comradeship of non-collegians. Not so Helen. She found one of her greatest pleasures in spending whole summer vacations and week ends for half a year in making

dainty little gifts for the friends she had learned to love in grammar and high schools. In these friendships, which projected themselves over from the earlier years into college days, there was never a shred of patronizing condescension or assumed superiority on Helen's part. She sincerely respected these friends for their moral excellence, and loved them with a love unfeigned, and one of her most exquisite delights was to have these friends visit her at Wellesley.

One friendship overtopped all others in her life, namely, that with Miss Doris M. Holmes, a near neighbor in Stoughton, and a girl of signal intellectual ability and exceptional promise. This friendship matured and deepened as years slipped by. Between these twin souls there never arose a single misunderstanding; never was there a single harsh word spoken by one or the other. A real affinity of mind seemed to exist from their first acquaintance. In intellectual tastes, in moral purposes, in ideals and aspirations, these two girls were one in heart and soul. Both received, both gave, both were better for the friendship, both learned from friendship some of the deepest and most precious things in life. One of Helen's chief consolations during her fight to live and her subsequent waiting for release was the repeated coming of Doris. Almost every day the faithful girl came. What never-to-be-forgotten talks were those at the twilight hour! There never existed a finer, truer, and more helpful friendship than between Doris and Helen. The friendship of David and Jonathan, or Damon and Pythias, or Fitz-Greene Halleck and Rodman Drake, or Arthur Hallam and Alfred Tennyson, was not more complete and imperishable than the friendship between these two healthy, ambitious, pureminded girls.

Another influence which inspired Helen was her "hero worship" of Jane Addams, America's foremost woman, and the Baroness von Suttner, the greatest of European women. In them she found the living embodiment of her ideals of womanhood consecrated to public welfare. It was her good fortune to meet both Miss Addams and the Baroness. Especially dramatic and (to an impressionable college girl) unforgettable was her meeting with the latter. The illustrious author of "Lay Down Your Arms" made a tour of America in the fall of 1912, in the course of which she visited Wellesley and delivered an address on pacifism.

After the lecture, an informal reception was held. When Helen was presented the Baroness inquired, "Are you the daughter of the Chicago peace secretary?" On receiving an affirmative reply, the great-souled reformer impulsively threw her arms around the girl's neck and kissed her. "That kiss," said Helen later, "I shall never forget. It laid a task upon me. Part of my work must be to write something which shall help to end war."

Such were some of the environing and shaping influences of Helen's life. Let us now glance at the girl herself. A well born, well fed, good-natured baby unfolded into a wholesome, fun-loving, conscientious little girl; and presently the winsome girlie blossomed out into a chaste, sunshiny, enthusiastic maiden, behind whose handsome red cheeks and soulful brown eyes there dwelt a truly radiant personality.

Helen loved truth and hated sham. A former teacher says that, among her many excellences and charms, this was pre-eminent. She would tell the truth even to her own hurt. She insisted on reality. Her whole life was keyed to conscience. Everything was squared with this. Desire, impulse, work and play, decisions and life plans marched where duty led. On one occasion, while a college student, she was entertained in the home of relatives who gave a party in her honor. When ten o'clock arrived, and refreshments were about to be served, she excused herself and went to bed. She was in athletic training at the time, and, although away from the college, she was inflexibly loyal to its rules. Had she not been so thoroughly wholesome, had she not possessed so large a fund of humor, possibly she might have developed a case of that once-prevalent, and now rare, Puritan disease—an ingrowing conscience. But with her exuberance of physical, mental and moral health, she never was lop-sided. Definiteness and intensity of purpose and diligence in application were balanced by love of the out-of-door, love of recreation, love of fun; hence she was well poised.

It had always been a dream of her father and mother that Helen might be a lover of books and perhaps become a writer. When one recalls her sweet and unique little class prophecy, delivered at her grammar school graduation; when one re-reads a short article which, when thirteen years old, she wrote for *St. Nicholas*, and which was published in the

said magazine in September, 1908; when one reviews the numerous themes and essays presented while in school and college; when one peruses a whole series of letters depicting most graphically a visit with relatives in Washington, D. C.; when one goes over the letters written while at Wellesley—letters more fascinatingly interesting than some that have been published in magazines and books—it is evident that she easily might have succeeded in literature, if her life had been spared. Her pen seemed to be alive. Her descriptions are pictures which you see with your own eyes. Enthusiasm and movement and humor sweep you along as you read. Daughter and father had blocked out some work to do together. Perhaps this will not remain undone. If done, even though now single-handed, the memory of the glorified daughter will give to the message a quality and helpfulness heretofore lacking.

In addition to the traits already mentioned, Helen possessed many other admirable and endearing qualities. What wonderful eight-page and twelve-page "omnibus letters" she used to send home from college! For "Old Dad" there was an account of studies, perhaps a request for advice concerning next year's studies; or an enthusiastic reference to some especially interesting new discovery she had made in history or literature; or some peace reference which might be helpful in Father's work. To "Dear little Mumsie" there was often some delightful little secret to impart; some expression of appreciation and gratitude and love; some request for advice on "very important" social matters. "Herr Professor Beals" (her brother Charlie) will be interested to read the description of the latest Harvard-Yale football game she has just attended. For Sister May, there is a budget of class doings, jokes, songs, class yells, accounts of hazings, etc. And in little Rob's portion of the letter there is sure to be an account of some fuzzy-wuzzy live animal, or the account of something exciting, like a fire; or a picture of a big ocean liner may be enclosed; and this letter to the "little fellow" almost invariably closes with a sketch of a bushel basket labelled "Kisses, from Big Sister."

No girl ever appraised her mother and father more highly than did she. Her letters contain many a paragraph which will be cherished by her parents as a compensating and con-

soling legacy. No member of any family ever was more loyal to the home circle than was Helen to hers. Not a birthday anniversary in the family could slip by without this affectionate daughter and sister planning a celebration. For such occasions, a magic cake, with candles, always was forthcoming from her deft fingers. In the matter of amusements Helen deferred to her parents' wishes, even when her judgment did not coincide with theirs. Helen was the incarnation of appreciation and thankfulness. Her gratitude for the measure of self-denial, which her parents were forced to exercise in order to send her to college, repaid for these little sacrifices a thousandfold. No child ever was more enthusiastic over the joys which came to her than was Helen. Happily this bloom of enthusiasm never was rubbed off, but remained, some think, as her chief charm. Many other qualities might be mentioned. For example, much might be recorded to illustrate her originality. She did things in her own way, and usually, in the end, her way proved to be not only successful, but there seemed to be a charm about it that was lacking in the conventional and familiar.

Four traits, however, over-topped all others, namely, her wholesomeness, her courage, her desire to render service, and her religious vision.

One way in which Helen's wholesomeness disclosed itself was in an irrepressible love of fun. When only two years old, she would steal her baby brother's bottle, and, cuddling down on a pillow in the corner, contentedly consume the ration, bursting out into a roguish and delighted scream when discovered. To her the joke was as good as the food and she did "like good food." When she was a little girl, just beginning to spell out words, she was playing a "Bible Game" one Sunday afternoon. The question printed on her card was "What woman had seven devils cast out of her?" This she read as "What woman had seven divines cast out of her?" When her mistake was pointed out there was an outburst of laughter so hearty that its echo has not yet entirely ceased. Her diary abounds in funny records, ludicrous translations in classes, ridiculous mishaps, etc. If she chronicles long hours of hard work on puzzling mathematical problems, her ejaculated comment is "Dummkopf!" She was forever laughing at herself, her clumsiness, her mistakes, her accidents. She

would send home convulsing sketches, illustrating her awkwardness in gymnasium. After chronicling some new misfortune in which she was the ill-starred heroine, she would add, "Oh poor Amelia Jane!" (This was the title of a child's book, given to her in girlhood, to make her more careful and less blundering.) At Christmas time, on birthday anniversaries and at week ends, she was a veritable tornado of fun. Jokes, conundrums, Jack Horner pies, new "stunts" and *bons mots* followed one another in uproarious and furious confusion, until every member of the family was weak from laughter. And it was Helen who was the soul of it all. Gloom simply vanished like mist in clear sunshine, when she wound up the fun.

Even in the midst of the agonizing pain of her last illness her humor helped to keep her brave, and every day it was brought into play to cheer and comfort others. When Hallowe'en found her in the hospital, she togged herself out in a sheet and a tall, pointed, weird witch's cap, and, taking in one hand a paper lantern ornamented with black cats, and in the other hand a broom, she directed the nurse to wheel her out of her private room into the general wards, where she paraded up and down more like a benevolent fairy than a malignant witch. Needless to say that, for that evening, pain was forgotten and hilarity reigned supreme. Sometimes she would point to her swollen, burning throat and say to her friends, "Isn't this a swell affair? You never expected that I should become such a cheeky person, did you?" One morning she greeted the head surgeon thus: "Doctor, do you know the definition of dressing a cancer wound?" "No," replied the kindly man, who was doing everything that modern science could do to save Helen's life and whose big fatherly heart grieved over her suffering, "No, I don't know how to formulate a definition, but I know that the thing itself is something terrible." "I will give you a definition," rejoined the patient, with dancing eyes. "It is alliterative, so you can remember it easily. First, it is squeeze (the nurse squeezes the wound); then it is squirt (hydrogen peroxide is squirted into the flesh); then the patient squirms; next the patient squeals; and finally the nurse squelches the patient. So you see it is squeeze, squirt, squirm, squeal, squelch. You may use that definition, if you wish, in your lectures to the young doctors." And here is another bit of brave nonsense which she flung off. Being wheeled into the X-Ray room for one

of her treatments, she burst out with this unexpected salutation: "Doctor, you were a naughty man the other day. You telephoned for me to come up for X-Ray just as I was cuddling down after a sleepless night for my only good nap of the day. But I've thought out my revenge. And your punishment is a terrible one. I'm going to fire some poetry at you." Whereupon she parodied the old familiar jingle,

"'Twas the night before Christmas,
And all through the house," etc.

She pictured herself as just cuddling down for a long, restful nap, when down from the X-Ray room there flashed the sharp message, "Rout Helen Beals out," etc. Then, according to her parody, she jumped into a wheel-chair and was whisked through the passage—up to a jolly, kind elf, with his X-Ray reindeer. It was such bursts of fun as these which caused surgeons and nurses and visitors to wonder whether this irrepressible girl really was sick at all, or whether she knew how sick she was.

Thus her fun revealed her wholesomeness. Nor were other proofs of that wholesomeness lacking. For example, one might cite her college activities. At Wellesley she was a member of the Student Government Association (of which all the girls are members), the Christian Association, the Athletic Association, the Barnswallows (a social organization), the Debating Club, the Consumer's League, the College Settlement Association, and other societies. One finds it impossible to think of Helen as ever having spent a single morbid or mawkish hour. Every phase of life appealed to her. It was a good world in which she found herself and she rejoiced in it. She entered into the good times at Wellesley even though for two whole years she was not completely free from pain.

When it came to courage, Helen was "the bravest of the brave." She always was fearless. When first learning to walk, she stood up boldly, toddled a few steps, tumbled down with a sound bump, picked herself up immediately, laughed heartily, and struck out anew. This happened again and again, until she had mastered the art of human locomotion. During her sickness her courageousness was of a high, moral type, a sustained heroism, a courageousness for worthy ends and in behalf of others. Compared with her courage, blind

battlefield bravery seems something cheap and stupid and silly. She took her final examinations at Wellesley when she was so weak physically and so pain-racked that she had to prop up her head in one hand while with the other hand she wrote the answers which brought her high marks. After the minor preliminary surgical operation she bounded up lightly from the operating-table and with tongue bleeding and aching, but with the sweetest of smiles, assured the surgeon, "That didn't hurt much." She finished arranging her memory book in between surgical operations, with a gaping hole in her throat as large as a half dollar. When first told that her disease was cancer she shed not a single tear. For two hours she talked, dry-eyed. "I want to live. Every fibre of my being cries out to live. It would be silly and cowardly for a nineteen-year-old girl to want to die. I want to render service. Of course I want to be operated on. I'm going to fight to live. I shall put up such a fight as my nearest friends never have dreamed me capable of. Pain is only moral opportunity. I'm nothing but an immature child. After this, if I live, I shall be capable of being more useful, for I shall grow by this experience. While my college mates are travelling in Europe or elsewhere, broadening their knowledge, I too shall be learning, and perhaps the knowledge I shall gain will be deeper than that which the other girls will bring home from vacation. Certainly I shall be braver, more patient, more sympathetic, more considerate than I should be if I never had known suffering. I am not afraid. A college girl ought to meet these experiences with a courage and idealism higher than if she never had enjoyed college privileges. I should be ashamed to be a 'squealer'; if I flinched, I should feel that I had disgraced my family and my college." Thus she talked, tearless and calm. Then she went to the piano and poured out her very soul. On the morrow was to come the fearful operation—three mortal hours under the knife, and perhaps—The Great Perhaps. "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Lead, Kindly Light," Wellesley songs, light tripping music, brave marches, nocturnes, songs without words, and deep-souled religious harmonies flowed from her soulful finger-tips. In the afternoon of the day of the second serious operation, she insisted upon knowing the result. When told that the operation was futile and that recovery was impossible, she faced the situation unblanched and without a tremor in her voice or

tear-drop in her eye. Every detail was discussed—plans for her remaining days, wishes with respect to funeral, cremation, keepsakes to this friend and that. So complete was her self-control, so minute and comprehensive her thought of friends, that the plans talked over on that memorable afternoon never had to be revised in the slightest after that first expression of wishes. On this occasion also she set forth her views of the probability, yes, the necessity, of a future life with a completeness and calmness that showed that her religion had not failed when most needed. From this time on she made it the business of her life to impart courageous cheer to all whom she could see.

The pain ever increasingly ate and burned, but nothing could conquer her soul or her smile. "I don't want an easy time; nothing worth having comes without a hard struggle." Sometimes in the night she would find herself out of bed, walking around the floor in agony, before fully awake. She would immediately put herself back to bed, smile at her nurse and say, "Miss Anderson, we don't mind the pain, do we?" And in the later days, when she could no longer eat or drink or speak without the greatest agony, she wrote for her father to read, "We don't care about the pain, do we?" She was simply unconquerable. Disease could destroy neither funny-bone nor back-bone. Soul rose triumphant over pain. Spirit defied matter. Unboastingly but truthfully, she remarked one day, "I have suffered such agonizing pain, and suffered it so long, that I am convinced that pain cannot conquer me. Disease will destroy my body but it cannot conquer Helen Beals or even hurt her." Happy indeed is that person whose soul cancer and death cannot hurt or even reach.

Over and over again she fed her soul on Browning's poem, "Prospice," the bravest poem in the English language—"MY poem," she called it. Here are the lines that meant so much to her:

"PROSPICE.

"Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;

Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!"

No adequate account of Helen could be given if one failed to record her desire to do useful work in the world, her plans to help humanity, her passion for unselfish service. When she was a little ten-year-old girl in Cambridge, she took her own money, which she had toilsomely earned, a penny or two at a time, and paid the fare of a poor girl, so that this less fortunate playmate might go on the Sunday School picnic. To this same girl she gave her coat and sent pies on Thanksgiving Day. Helen was always spending her money for others. It is almost pathetic to read the little account book which she kept, for a time. What with contributions to various good causes, and "treats" and presents for friends, one wonders that anything remained for herself out of the tiny allowance her father was able to send her. Her list of gifts at Christmas was simply miraculous. Nothing but prolonged labor and self-sacrificing love could make such a miracle possible.

One of the happiest periods in her life, perhaps, was in the summer of 1912, when she worked for a short time in the Chicago peace office. She served as her father's secretary

during the vacation of his stenographer. To her the routine detail seemed like something high and holy, as indeed it was. "Just think, Papa," she exclaimed, "I'm actually of some use in the world now!" And, thinking of the end for which the work was being performed, and how she was a part of the great living machine organized to banish war and thus bless humanity, she threw herself into the task with an enthusiasm flaming with glad and holy consecration.

The establishment of universal and perpetual peace, the organization of industrial justice, and the scientific re-statement of religious truths are the special needs of the world at this time, as she saw things; and to perceive a human need was, with her, to dedicate herself to an attempt to meet that need. Service was her dominating, inspiring motive. That he is greatest who renders most real service was her conception of greatness. Deeply did she appreciate the privilege of going to college, for college would help her to render larger and better service. "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister," was Helen's motto long before she discovered that it was Wellesley's motto also.

Hers was indeed a socialized soul. Stricken down, tied to a bed of pain from which there was to be no release except by death, how could she now serve? What little things could she do to minister? At least she could try not to disturb the other patients. So careful was she on this point that even in her sleep, she would dream that when the pain was so terrific that she must scream, she would find herself saying to herself, "No, you must not scream; that would disturb the other sufferers." Could unselfish thoughtfulness be carried to a greater degree? Take another of her dreams. In this dream cancer figures as the nightmare still, but it is not Helen who is the victim, but "Old Dad." Mumsie is crying because papa is about to be taken to the operating-room for X-Ray treatment. "Don't cry, little Mumsie, he'll come back better, I know," croons the little dreamer, assuming the role of comforter. Thus even in her dreams was revealed her spirit of service, her sub-conscious self bearing its testimony to the genuineness of her unselfishness.

But it was not alone by refraining from disturbing the other patients that she ministered while an inmate of the hospital. A poor, tiny, suffering girl was brought from a

neighboring state for surgical treatment. So homesick was the little thing that she never once spoke to or smiled at her nurses while in the hospital. But Helen thawed her out by giving her a little "Kewpie" and some flowers, and by saying funny things to the poor little timorous, cowering child. So, also, with a little German boy, a mere baby. He would scold the nurses, refuse his food, and scream at the doctors. But the little chap had to surrender to Helen's twinkling eyes, rippling laughter and side-splitting jokes. One of the most pathetic cases was that of a Greek girl, suffering from tuberculosis of the bone. She was a brave little thing, but the intense pain would cause her to wince and she could not keep back the tears. Helen would have her reclining-chair wheeled up close to little Penelope's, share fruit and flowers with her, and, although Helen could not converse in Greek nor Penelope in English, Helen would smile at Penelope and Penelope's face would lighten up with an answering smile. The language of love is understandable. And now, perhaps, in Heaven Helen and Penelope are conversing together.

Most beautifully was her spirit of service disclosed in a conversation concerning future existence. Concerning immortality and an opportunity for eternal service she had not a single doubt. "And I shall do more work after I am freed from this old cancerous body than ever I could hope to do if I possessed the most perfect of bodies," she said. "But I want to work for those who have loved me and for those whom I have loved—for my family and for Wellesley, if possible. I want Charlie" (her brother) "to feel, when he gets into a tight place in school or college or out in the world, that Big Sister is with him, helping him, just as she used to help him with his algebra and French. I want Papa to feel, if he writes something helpful, for which people will thank him, that his First Baby is rejoicing with Old Dad." Thus was she ever thinking of others and planning to help them.

While in the hospital, Helen received a letter asking her to teach a group of sophomores at Wellesley in Bible class work during her junior year. This invitation deeply gratified her. Here was a piece of work she gladly would have performed. Although unable to render this service, she provided a substitute, by persuading an intimate college friend to take her place.

But we should fail to speak of Helen's most distinctive characteristic if we omitted her religion, for it was religious vision and consecration which lent the chief lustre to this young life. In our survey of the formative influences of Helen's life, in citing illustrative incidents in her career, and in speaking of certain traits which she developed, enough already has been said to show that the most important thing about her was her perception of Him who is over all things and at the heart of all things and the goal of all things. To see God and to "work with God at love" (to borrow Mrs. Browning's exquisite phrase) was Helen's enduring contribution. In one of the many heart-to-heart talks with her father during her fatal illness she said: "Probably my friends regard me as a noisy, romping fun-maker. But, honestly, there is more to me than that. All my choices, my conduct, my desire for a college education, my plans for life have grown out of religion. I never could endure 'pious talk.' But nevertheless religion has been and is everything to me."

It was moral oneness with God which imparted such incomparable fortitude and sweetness to her. If we may use the words of Matthew Arnold, she "saw life steadily, and saw it whole." As things looked to her, the universe is neither meaningless nor malevolent. She was no more afraid of the great change just ahead than if she had been packing her trunk to return to her beloved Wellesley. She accepted immortality as a matter of course, looking upon it as a natural and necessary fact. Though the physical universe pass away, spirit is to be the enduring residuum of the cosmic processes, surviving the wreck of physical matter, the one reality, the one permanent product of evolutionary activities. Personality, mind, goodness, love, character must survive, or existence would be a mockery. Thus did she reason concerning "the other side of the beyond." But even with immortality assured, why is pain allowed? Its only justification is that it is opportunity for moral growth. Otherwise the Ruler of the universe would be a moral monster. Certainly Helen laid hold upon pain as moral opportunity. Through the stress and strain of physical agony she attained spiritual stature and in the refiner's fire was she made pure spirit. Disease and pain and death could not conquer or hurt her, for, to her penetrating spiritual vision, a moral and kindly and divine message was being spelled out.

With such a soul, and such a vision, Helen became a marvellously convincing and helpful witness to the reality of things spiritual. And it was to this greatest of all human tasks—that of interpreting and illustrating religious verities—that the stricken one specifically addressed herself. Even when physically weak, she insisted on sending for this friend and that, with whom she wished to leave a glad, convincing memory. “I want to see just as many as I can, and tell them, so that they never can forget, about these things.” When, one by one, or in groups, friends were admitted, she would exclaim, with tearless, radiant face, “I want you to be glad for me, and glad with me. For I am glad. Don’t pity me. You *will* be glad with me, won’t you?” Not soon will these brief interviews be forgotten. The undismayed certitude of this girl’s faith went far to confirm her friends in their belief in the reality of the spiritual. It is impossible to think of such a soul as Helen’s as being annihilated. One of the hospital doctors, on listening to a statement of her glad confidence, exclaimed, “These things ought to be gathered up and written down. We men of science deal with observed facts and we hesitate to go beyond material data. But surely there are verities beyond the present limits of human knowledge. And such a perception of spiritual realities as Helen possesses is most helpful and consoling to us men of science who necessarily are subject to so many doubts.” Thus did Helen help others to see the things most worth seeing. The little class prophetess of Grammar School days had become a prophetess of life, a mediator of the eternal. Religion, after all, is the most important fact in life.

Never did Helen’s religion shine forth more triumphantly than on her translation day. Happily, the indescribably horrible disease, though its ravages came so near to the brain, mercifully spared Helen’s wonderful mind, and she was perfectly clear and unclouded up to the end. Never a single word of complaint or fear escaped from her brave lips. At about nine o’clock in the morning she was evidently dying. “Am I going, Papa dear?” A nod was the answer. “Lift me up, please.” We raised her. She smiled and pressed our hands. Until 2:08 in the afternoon she lingered, part of the time lapsing into semi-unconsciousness. Just before she sank away into death she opened her big, round, brown eyes wide open,

gazed intently first at "Little Mumsie" and then at "Papa dear," from one to the other, back and forth, over and over, again and again, and smiled and smiled and smiled—oh! such a sweet, grateful, loving, trustful, triumphant, heavenly smile—and then she slipped away to join in the Christmas music in Heaven.

The purifying flame has given back to us the inorganic remains of the once pain-smitten body, which disease and death no longer can torment. But *she*—the real, radiant, conquering, ever-living Helen—has gone to that spirit realm which, to her parents, henceforth will seem nearer and more real and more homelike, now that their well-beloved "First Born" has gone there to pioneer the way. Meanwhile they like to think of her as she wrote to the home folk in her last Christmas letter: "All the time remember that I am with you, if not in body, at least in spirit, enjoying every bit of fun with you. My heart is full of love for you."

The letters which were received by the bereaved family after Helen's translation came from friends all the way from England to California, from Maine to the State of Washington. So numerous were these notes that a suit-case was filled with them. And the contents of these letters show that this young girl's life had touched and impressed and influenced a surprisingly large number of people. The extracts given later in this memoir are few and brief as compared with the mass of material from which they have been excerpted. Will not all the dear friends who knew her and loved her, and all who perchance may read these words, try to do a little extra work for humanity so that the work which she gladly would have done, had she been spared, may not remain undone? Thus shall we best honor her memory by helping to establish peace between nations, peace between classes, and in the hearts of individuals the peace which comes alone from a rational religious faith.

One summer, when Helen was perhaps ten years old, her parents took her and her brother Charlie on their annual pilgrimage up Mount Chocorua, in New Hampshire, intending to stay over night at the Peak House. Though in the early hours the day had seemed a perfect one, before the party reached the summit a chilling storm came on. But the climbers pressed on and at last were gladdened by the sight of the

house within which they found safety and bountiful hospitality and mirth. Not satisfied to remain comfortably housed in the mountain hostelry, the father went outside for an appetizing battle with the storm before supper. Thicker and thicker came the clouds and rain until, though but a few rods distant, the Peak House suddenly became invisible. How easy, under such conditions, to lose one's way and perhaps be forced to remain without shelter all night! But suddenly down through the mist and the storm, borne on a mighty gust of wind, floated the strains of "Bo Peep's Slumber Song," a piece which the little Helen had been taught by her music teacher. Old Dad no longer was in doubt concerning the direction in which to go to find life and love. He knew whose chubby fingers were pressing the organ keys. On the heavenly mountain heights which Helen now has scaled is the eternal home, blessed refuge from the storms of life. If the time has not yet come for us to step over the threshold into its warmth and light and cheer, at least may we live so near to it that we can perceive sweet harmonies floating down to us from her, and, rejoicing that she is safe there, may we patiently wait, working as she worked, serving as she served, daring as she dared, loving as she loved; until, at last, we too shall conquer as she conquered, and once more clasp her own dear self to our hungry hearts forever and forever!

EXTRACTS FROM HELEN'S DIARY

"Jan. 3, 1912"—(Mamma recovering from pneumonia. Nurse just left. Helen assumes charge). "My first regular trial as nurse begins today. It is fun to wash and dress mother and make her comfy. I like to make her tray dainty and plan surprises. I cook all her food. I found a sketch from *St. Nicholas* sent me as a reward for contributions."

"Jan. 5—17 heute. I can't believe it. May I make this year count for much in character-building."

"Jan. 7—A memorable day. Father and I went to the Peace Mass Meeting at the Auditorium and a supper first at the Congress (Hotel, Chicago). I met Jane Addams, a wonderful woman, Vice President Fairbanks, Congressman Foster, Rabbi Hirsch, Bishop Anderson and many other notables. (Col. Watterson one of speakers)."

"Jan. 11—Doris's birthday. I sent her . . ."

"Jan. 16—Charles" (her brother) "and I took a rousing good walk in the bracing air."

"Jan. 28—Charles and I attended church and Sunday School." (Mentions Miss Gardner, her S. S. teacher.)

"Jan. 28—Doris has . . . written a grand letter. She is a dear. As long as I have her I shall never lack a true friend."

"Jan. 30—It snowed nearly all day. I took Rob" (her little brother) "out on his sled for three-quarters of an hour. I took him down town. He slid every step leaning his weight on my hand. What a jolly time we had! He kept tripping me up. His little cheeks were rosy when we came in and he ate a hearty supper."

"Jan. 31—I studied seven hours steady except a break at lunch time."

"Feb. 2—I made four valentines—I hope the girls will like them."

"Feb. 20—I struggled all the evening on algebra problems. Dummkopf!"

"Feb. 21—It is the worst blizzard we have had for eighteen years. Charles and I struggled to school."

"Aug. 26—I started up for Doris's as soon as my clothes were changed but met her en route and we had a fine chat. Mr. Holmes weighed us. My weight was 153 lbs."

"Sept. 22—(First week in Wellesley). A wonderful day! The best day of all the week here at college. The keynote of all here is 'Non ministrari sed ministrare.'"

"Sept. 24—I have a grand home letter, one from Papa, Mamma, May, Charlie and little Rob. I was surely happy."

"Sept. 26—I have been made proctor."

"Sept. 27—Sat beside a colored girl at lunch and walked up with her to College Hall."

"Sept. 29—Of course Amelia Jane had to fall downstairs" (at college chapel service) "but no bones were broken. Wrote a letter of 8 pages home in the evening."

"Oct. 3—Dorothy and I went to chapel together. The psalm was that only those who have clean hands and a pure heart can enter the Kingdom of Heaven. I stretched out my hands. They were dirty! We nearly disgraced ourselves by laughing."

EXTRACTS FROM HELEN'S LETTERS

(Letter to her brother Charlie, Sept. 29, 1912).

"I do hope with all my heart that you make the team. If I sent you my Uncle Chan five dollars, would that make enough for you to get a suit? Would you get it then? I'm proud of you and your letter, Charlie.

"Big Sister to Big Brother."

(Letter to her father, Oct. 16, 1912).

"Dear Papa:—I had a wonderful time the night that the Baroness" (Baroness von Suttner, author of *Lay Down Your Arms*) "spoke" (at Wellesley College). "Everyone was enthusiastic. Though it was a stormy night the house was crowded. All the girls gave the Wellesley cheer afterwards and cheered 'Lay Down Your Arms' for her. When I told the Baroness about you, she was so surprised and pleased that she threw her arms about my neck and kissed me, saying, 'Oh, my dear Miss Beals, I love you so!'"

(Letter to her mother, Nov. 3, 1912).

"Dearest Little Mumsie:—Can you realize that another birthday has come and gone? That makes one more year in loving service and self-sacrifice for your family and the world. May the next year be the happiest year so far. As for me, all the ideals and ideas which you and father have instilled into me are proving a shining light in the darkness of perplexity into which I am sometimes thrown. I am ever more and more thankful that I have such a living and vital embodiment of them to follow as you are."

(Letter home, Nov. 24, 1912).

"By the way, do you know I am becoming a soldier who believes in everlasting fighting? I find there are other things to combat besides material things. There is laziness, a love for extravagance, homesickness, etc."

(Fun and homesickness are mingled in the following 1912 Thanksgiving card to the family):

"Thanksgiving Greetings from Wellesley and Amelia Jane Beals.

"Everybody here gives thanks with real sincerity that the monthly 'quizzes' are over with. I know you all will have a merry happy time. As for me, it will be a genuine Thanksgiving to think that I can be at Wellesley College. Perhaps it will make Grandma a little bit happy also to have me there.

"Lovingly,
"Little Pennie."

(Letter to her mother and father, Feb. 16, 1913).

"You might be interested to know that I was the only one in the mathematics class who could do an example in determinants yesterday. I had spent three hours on it. Miss Merrill had me do it on the board. Now you probably think by this that I am getting a swelled head. It is not so. The truth is that I've been studying my head off lately and hav'n't seemed to get anywhere. When I do arrive at a goal, I cannot help feeling elated."

(Frequent allusion to Passaconaway was made by Helen in her letters. In some she mentions the little mountain cottage, "Score-o'-peaks." In the following she refers to a balsam pillow):

"The fragrance is just right now. Whenever I feel despondent, tired or discouraged, I throw myself down upon my couch and bury my face in the pillow until I seem to be surrounded by the firs of Passaconaway. Then I feel rested, happy and glad."

(Letter to father and mother, Feb. 16, 1913).

(Letter to her mother, May 8, 1913).

"Don't you think that it would be a splendid idea for you and papa to write to Doris congratulating her on becoming Phi Beta Kappa? She would be more than happy."

(Letter to her father, Sept. 28, 1913).

"No one ever was so glad as I was when I received the home letters last Tuesday afternoon. I had spent three hours

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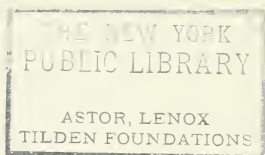
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17 YEARS



18 - 19 YEARS



that afternoon in Chemical Laboratory. It was a most discouraging beginning, for I launched my career in science by breaking two test-tubes and a watch-glass, and, after all my trials, I did not finish the experiment; and, to cap the climax, I was late to a tennis call-out and consequently got a demerit. I tell you, Amelia was just about ready to fly to pieces when those letters served as a safety-valve.

"It is most inspiring to get back to work again. This is going to be a wonderful year for me. The courses are most valuable, interesting and hard, and the instructors the best in college, specialists in their lines.

"The Bible course tends to become most valuable and interesting. I am particularly fortunate in choice of instructors. My instructor is a singularly broad-minded, up-to-date woman. I am glad that Bible is a required subject."

("Omnibus letter" home, Oct. 26, 1913).

"To the dearest and best family that a girl ever had:"

(Letter to her mother, Oct. 27, 1913).

"(Very Personal)

"Dearest Little Mumsie:

"I can't keep it from you that I feel like the happiest little girl in the world. I know that you will understand.

"Your own young, inexperienced little Helen."

(Letter to her mother, Oct. 27, 1913).

"Be on the watch for a little package due about Oct. 31st."

(Letter to her mother, Nov. 14, 1913).

"I did have such a good time, dear little Mumsie, that I wanted to tell you about it, rather than anyone else, for you will be more in sympathy with my feelings than anyone else."

(Letter to her mother, Nov. 19, 1913).

"Many times I feel as if it were not right for me to have all these good times, when you people at home are having such anxious times with sickness, etc."

(Letter to her mother, Dec. 5, 1913).

"I wonder if you noticed that little Helen made the honor list for good work in Freshman year."

(Letter to her mother, Dec. 10, 1913).

"I fear I have been extravagant this last month. If you could send the check for my January allowance now, I should be much pleased. Count it as my Christmas presents from you all. I have not been able to buy even a Christmas card yet—and I get much more pleasure out of giving than receiving."

(Letter to her father, Feb. 2, 1914.)

"Dear Father:—You remember the little talks we used to have Sunday evenings about all sorts of serious and important things. I miss those talks, for I used to gain so much that was vital from them.

"What college has meant to me myself, so far, cannot be measured. I want my own brothers and sister particularly to get the same inspiring preparation to really live.

"From one who still is and wants to be father's Little Pennie."

(Letter to her mother, Feb. 15, 1914).

"Dear Mother:—How I wish you were here to talk it all over with me! But I am going to pretend you are, and I want you to answer all the questions that little Pennie asks you.

"In the first place, Mother dear, I am going to tell you a big secret and I don't want you to tell it to a soul. I believe in making my mother my confidant and I must tell you, for it is so big that I can't keep it to myself.

"Oh, Mother, I feel so inexperienced and youthful. I do wish you were here. Every time I think of it, it makes me sober.

"Oh, Mother, I feel as if I was a little girl, and so unprepared for and unworthy of the great things of life. Please write your anxious, sober little Pennie at once what you think of it all.

"Your humble little Helen."

(A letter written from Stoughton, after the burning of College Hall).

"Dear Father:—By this time you have probably read all the details, more or less exaggerated, about the fire that has changed college life entirely. With College Hall gone, the centre of all Wellesley traditions and the place where all the college life centered, we feel as though nothing remained of our Wellesley, the Wellesley that was so different from all other colleges. You will perhaps be interested, after reading the accounts in the papers, to hear my experience. We formed lines, like the bucket-brigade, down which were passed books, precious, priceless volumes, that could never be replaced. For two hours I stood there in the cold wind and passed armfuls of books, till I ached all over from fatigue and excitement. After chapel service the first thing I did was to rush to the telegraph office where I stood in line for two hours, waiting for a chance to let you know that I was safe."

(On the train, returning east from Chicago, after the college fire, a three-year old boy was in the section ahead of Helen's.)

"The little chap kept us in a gale of laughter with his quaint expressions and original actions. Finally in the evening, when he grew a little tired, we made him a fleet of paper boats. The porter brought us in a table on which we had an exciting boat race. I taught him how to snap boats, a proceeding which delighted him so that his mother could scarcely drag him away to bed. In the morning the first thing he said was, 'I want to snap boats. Where's the girl who snaps boats?'"

(Letter to her mother, April 9, 1914).

(Letter home, April 9, 1914).

"Rumor has it that the college will not get into its new buildings until after we graduate. That means that 1916 will have a splendid chance to show of what stuff she is made, for it is much easier to show courage and self-control in a great crisis, than to meet the troubles of the common daily task courageously with constant self-control."

(Letter to Miss Doris M. Holmes).

"47 Prospect Street,
Stoughton, Mass.
June 16, 1914.

"Dear Doris:—There is no gentle way of breaking the news, so I might as well out with it at once and be frank. But please don't tell a soul. You are the only one outside the family that father will let me tell about it.

"The radium treatment would be only a waste of time, strength and money, according to the Ra specialist, since the gland is affected too, for Ra has no effect upon a gland.

"Accordingly I went back to the Hospital and had a piece of the lovely thing snipped off to be examined under the microscope. At last the doctors are convinced it is cancer, and the test will show what kind of a cancer it is.

"The knife is the only hope they hold out now. More than half my tongue and all the gland must be sacrificed, otherwise they do not hold out any hope of my living at the most for as long as two years and suffering intensely.

"Accordingly tomorrow I make my debut at the Homoeopathic on East Concord Street.

"Don't worry, Doris, I don't. What pains me is to see father and mother and all who really care for me suffer.

"I would much rather live and not be able to talk, as the surgeons think will be the result, than to die and not have accomplished anything. As it is, I'm just beginning to live.

"If I could only be sure that you would really not be anxious about me, I would feel so much easier. Don't worry. I don't. It won't do any good. Besides, I have every chance in the world to come out of the whole thing cured. I am young. My blood and system are in perfect condition. The worst suffering is over. I've had that for the last two years. Even if I may never talk again, there are plenty of ways I can do work. I shall return to college, if possible, in the fall.

"And do you know, going through all this should be a rare opportunity—a chance to be able to sympathize with the unfortunates of the world. And then I have always felt that I have some great life work waiting for me. If I can accomplish that under a handicap, the joy will be only the greater.

All really great people have had big obstacles to overcome, and though I never shall be great, I welcome the chance to test and prove my worth and mettle.

“Lovingly,

“Helen (The original and only Amelia Jane).

“P. S. If this misfortune had to come to any one in the family, I’m mighty glad I was the one to whom it came.”

(The following 1914 New Year’s Day letter is inserted here, out of chronological order, as a typical letter, a sample of the weekly letters home. Helen was spending the holidays with Auntie Phinney).

“I have been busy resting and having good times—that is, enjoying myself in general. The box, with all its contents, was here when I came, but I did not open it until Christmas morning. And wasn’t I pleased with everything! I love the little thing May made for me. Thank her for it. And all the rest of the things are splendid. Robert’s picture and the calendar arrived safely. Robert was a dear to send them to me. I hardly recognized him in the pictures, he looks so old. I like the worsted cap exceedingly well—it was something I both desired and really needed. The girls tell me it is quite becoming. Charlie was very generous to send me one of his hard-earned dollars. I appreciate the gift. I expect to have the picture of the class of ’12, E. T. H. S., framed for my room with the money. You and father too, I am afraid, were doing more than you could afford when you sent me the money. But I certainly do appreciate it. Some time I will try to make up for all the sacrifices you both have made to send me to college and give me all the things that girls seem to demand.

“I was treated altogether too well for one person by Santa Claus. The following is a list of my presents: . . . Wasn’t Santa altogether too generous to me? . . . I am delighted with the watch, needless to say. . . .

“I know that you are eager to hear about what I have been doing. Last Wednesday I went around delivering my Christmas things. I gave . . .

“I have been up to see Doris twice. . . . I have been to church.

"Christmas afternoon we went over to Hattie's. The tree was resplendent with tinsel, different colored electric lights and presents. Everyone had a wonderful time watching the children open their presents. Little Louis Wright gave them out.

"Auntie and I stayed over night at Aunt Sarah's. The next afternoon Auntie and I went to the Symphony. As I had never been before, it was a rare treat. The music just lifted your soul up away from the body into some other world—a world where all is beautiful and good; where harmony, exquisite harmony, is everywhere.

"My chief resolution for 1914 is 'Do not worry.'

"'Do thy duty, that is best.

Leave unto the Lord the rest.'

"Worry never accomplished anything. My other resolutions are:

- "1. Think less of self. Have other interests.
2. Be a patient waiter.
3. Keep cheerful and smiling even when blue and re-pining.
4. Keep troubles and trials to self. Remember others have theirs.
5. Be economical.
6. Be careful.
7. Don't let work pile up.
8. Be not lazy and easy going.
9. Write home every week.
10. Not let thoughts stray into thinking about young men and their intentions.
11. Don't be rash and foolish.

"Thinking about such serious things makes me realize how old I am getting—nearly nineteen. That reminds me of Jan. 5. Please do not send me any presents. I feel too old to receive presents, and to be reminded that I have a birthday only makes me feel sad to think of the new responsibilities for which I feel so unworthy and so ill fitted to bear, which come with an added year.

"Wishing you all a bright and happy 1914,

"Lovingly,
Helen."

(The following note is the last one from Helen's hand. It was written on December 21st, 1914, the day before she died. The letters are clear and firmly formed, in Helen's characteristic handwriting).

"Mother:—Please have Mary go down town this afternoon and buy the prettiest needle-book she can find, for me to give to Miss A——, for Christmas. Never mind cost.

"Helen."

(The following 1913 Christmas letter, written at Auntie Phinney's, Stoughton, is so self-revealing, that it may well serve as the last quotation from Helen's messages. A card is enclosed, telling which presents are to be put into the Christmas stockings, etc. On the outside of the folded letter are these words, printed in large letters: "Not to be read until at the breakfast-table on Christmas morning.")

"MERRY CHRISTMAS TO THE WHOLE ASSEMBLED FAMILY!

"A happy, happy day for you all!

"I can see you seated around the table almost too excited to eat. Father is cracking nuts, while mother is fixing an orange for Robert. At each plate is a little place-card that May has made. Robert is so pleased with his presents that he does not talk very much, while Charlie and May are anxiously waiting to hear the postman's ring. . . . Out in the kitchen the maid is humming a Christmas carol. I am in the place next to father, telling jokes as fast as my tongue can go, and when no one laughs at them, I am always ready with a loud he-haw myself.

"I can imagine all the things that happen during the day—the big Christmas dinner and the family walk afterwards—perhaps along Sheridan Road by the University.

"Then I can see you all using the little presents I sent. Mother is reading to Robert about winged horses and magic caps. May is copying all mother's choice recipes into the new book, stopping every now and then to sharpen her pen-

cil with the new knife. Father is showing his new pin. Charlie is perhaps sporting his new tie or flashing the spot-light into dark corners. May has already laid away the new —— for college, while Robert has exhausted his lungs using the ‘mouth-organ.’

“All the time remember I am with you, if not in body, at least in spirit, enjoying every bit of fun with you. As I look around the table at the happy faces, my heart is full of love for you and thankfulness to God for Christmas and a family like mine.

“Helen.”

RESOLUTIONS

ADOPTED BY HER WELLESLEY CLASS.

"The Class of 1916 of Wellesley College learns with sorrow of the death of one of its members, Helen Drake Beals, at her home in Stoughton, Massachusetts, on December 22, 1914. Her courage and strength of character will ever be remembered and admired. The loss is keenly felt by all her classmates, and we would extend to her family our sincere sympathy. We, therefore, resolve that a copy of this memorial be sent to her family, and that it be printed in the Wellesley College News and entered in the records of the class.

"Signed, Mary F. Torrence,
Elizabeth Mason."

ADOPTED BY THE CHICAGO PEACE SOCIETY AT ITS ANNUAL MEETING, JANUARY 16th, 1915.

"RESOLVED, That this Society sends its unmeasured sympathy to our beloved past Secretary and his family in their bereavement. A radiant beauty has passed through their household and left there its abiding presence. The short life has become a permanent endowment in their hearts. The dear, sweet girl, lifted now above pain and weakness, is enshrined in permanence. This resolution is an ineffectual attempt to express the inexpressible and to utter the unutterable love which the many Chicago friends would fain express to the beloved and loving household of Charles E. Beals."

LETTERS FROM FRIENDS

(Alphabetically arranged).

(From Jane Addams, of Chicago).

"I am so sorry to hear of your daughter's illness. I remember her with much pleasure. Please give her my love and let me send an assurance of sincere sympathy to Mrs. Beals and yourself."

(From Miss Anna C. Anderson, Helen's beloved nurse, who was with Helen to the end).

"Everyone asks about dear Helen and all are so sympathetic. I do believe she was the best known patient the hospital has ever had. Her wonderful fight will never be forgotten. We see a great deal of dreadful suffering borne bravely and unflinchingly, but seldom has the patient so much to live for—youth, love, such riches of mind—in fact all that makes life worth while. Therefore her ability to meet death so bravely is a constant wonder to us all.

"I am now reading the book she gave me (the Life of Alice Freeman Palmer). I do not wonder she was what she was with such an ideal to inspire her. Had she lived I am sure her life would have been as rich and far-reaching. I shall always feel thankful for the privilege of being with her—she taught me many things—invaluable lessons of life."

(From Miss Helen C. Bain, Helen's private nurse after her first surgical operation).

"I never thought Helen would have to leave us so soon, but what a blessing to think for her all is well; she will never again suffer pain or sorrow, and that is such a comfort for us to remember. I have often thought of the days we spent together at the Massachusetts Homeopathic Hospital. Helen was indeed very, very sweet and patient and even though in pain and discomfort could see the bright side of all things."

(From Alfred L. Baker, of Chicago).

"Four score years of active life and labor do not suggest any more the real meaning of life than a life summed up in so beautiful an editorial as the one sent me."

(From Mrs. Maurice K. Baker, a next-door neighbor in Evanston, Ill.)

"I have just received the paper telling of the death of your sweet Helen. I simply cannot believe it. That lovely girl gone! It won't seem true! We are praying and hoping that God will ease the pain so that you can forget all but the beautiful life and her beautiful death and the help she has been to those around her. She was a remarkable girl and an unusually sweet Christian, and I shall always be happy to feel that I knew her."

(From Clifford W. Barnes, President of the Chicago Sunday Evening Club).

"The record of your daughter's life is a most beautiful story, affording even to strangers some conception of how large a place she filled. What a blessing that these broken home circles can be re-united in the great home beyond!"

(From Miss Mary L. Barrie, Evanston, Ill., teacher of Latin in Evanston Township High School).

"I suppose that we should feel that it is not the close of her beautiful young life—only the beginning of a more beautiful one."

(From Rev. Arthur Stanley Beale, pastor of the Congregational Church, Stoneham, Mass.)

"Our hearts have been in your home much—in deep sympathy for the loneliness in your heart. Your wonder at her courage and trust will grow with the years and bless the work she wants you to do. It seems strange and away beyond our thought of what is right that your beautiful daughter should suffer so. But some time we shall see her radiantly glorified who in suffering thus proclaims her Lord."

(From Rev. Reuben A. Beard, D. D., Fargo, North Dakota).

"How my heart goes out to you as I think of the awful loss you have sustained in the loss of dear Helen! Mrs. Beard

and I can sympathize with you, surely, our first born is up yonder, waiting for our coming. Such experiences help us to understand as we cannot in any other way that we are made for two worlds. It must have been a great experience to see that dear girl ripen so wonderfully as she saw the time approaching. Yes, life consists of more than meat and drink. The only real things are the spiritual things."

(From Professor Wilfred F. Beardsley, Principal of Evanston Township High School, Evanston, Ill.)

"No lovelier young woman has ever been enrolled in our school than your daughter. We all admired her and appreciated her fine character and attractive personality. Always cheerful, always faithful, always loyal, she was a source of constant satisfaction to all of us, and we were glad to have so worthy a representative at Wellesley. Of one thing I feel sure, that Miss Helen in all her suffering has been patient and brave and altogether wonderful."

(From Miss Ruth K. Benton, concerning Helen's inability to take a class in Bible study at Wellesley, Sept. 1, 1914).

"I would like very much to have one of Helen's own friends take the class that she would have led, and make the work a loving service for her sake, if there is someone Helen would like to have do that.

"We shall greatly miss her work in Bible study, for such service is not easily replaced. But I think all the leaders will feel more keenly the privilege and opportunity of the work when they know how much another would have loved to do it."

(Helen suggested her friend, Miss Dorothy Allen, as her substitute and Dorothy was appointed).

(From Alexander H. Bill, a Cambridge neighbor).

"It must be a great source of comfort to know what a heroic fight Helen made."

(From Miss Carrie E. Bill, Cambridge).

"The thought has just come over me how wonderful it must be to enter into Heaven when the angels are celebrating our Lord's birthday!"

(From Justice Edward Osgood Brown, of the Illinois Appellate Court).

"Our life here does not end all, and your daughter awaits your coming in a happier world than our passion-rended earth."

(From Miss Eva Brubaker, Evanston, Ill., a classmate in the High School and Helen's most intimate friend in Evanston).

"What an inspiration it is to have known such a noble character! Our friendship was one of the rarest and most beautiful experiences I have ever had. Although the dear girlie is gone, the memory of her life will ever stimulate me to be and do more for others."

(From Mrs. Anna E. Burdett, Woburn, Mass.)

"What a trial of one's faith you have all passed through, and what a comfort it must be for you to have had her so brave, so wonderfully brave.

"I shall never forget her bright, sunny personality and even now I can't think of the round, rosy cheeked girl as having passed beyond our mortal sight. I try not to think of her as dead, but as active in a new body too fine for our mortal eyes to see, developing in spiritual consciousness under more helpful surroundings than she had here."

(From Miss Anne Burdett, a classmate of Helen in Wellesley and a fellow lover of the White Mountains).

"If there is any comfort in knowing what a helpful effect her brave courage had on the girls who knew her and cared for her, then that comfort is yours. My memories of Helen, and I'm speaking also for mother and father, for we have talked of her often, and the short summer visit she made us, are lovely, and more than pleasant ones."

(From Rev. S. C. Bushnell, Arlington, Mass.)

"You and Mrs. Beals are forever to be congratulated on having, and still having, such a daughter! . . . The mystery of permitted suffering is beyond solution here, but the soul's triumph over it is a sure forecast of the joy that shall be revealed when we know the reason why. My comfort is in

the indestructible relationships of life. 'To have is still to hold.' What God has given to us no one can take from us. They are ours forevermore. The relationship is as real as God's own life."

(From Arthur D. Call, Washington, D. C., Executive Director of the American Peace Society, Nov. 13, 1914).

"Will you tell that brave little woman in the hospital that she is doing more good in the world than anyone I happen just now to know? We are all happier because she is happy; nobler because she is noble; thoughtful, thankful, Christian, because she is all these so beautifully. Though I have not met her personally, I owe this debt to her."

(From William H. Clifford, of Denver, Colorado, Helen's father's brother-in-law).

"Helen used to say that some day she would write a book. I expected that she would realize her cherished ambition. But, instead of writing a volume on decaying paper, she has written in our hearts a perpetual memorial of courage and cheerfulness and steadfastness. Everything about her was so lovely and spiritual, I am sure it was a constant joy to associate with her."

(From Mrs. Louis R. Cobb, of Montclair, N. J., a former neighbor in Cambridge).

"One glad thing to me is that we had the one day with her a year ago in June, and that I shall always remember her as she was then, so bright and beautiful and interesting."

(From Miss Fay Cobb, of Montclair, N. J., a Cambridge friend of Helen's and a Wellesley college mate).

"Helen was very dear to us and we have waited anxiously to hear news of her."

(From Miss Myra Coffin, Helen's beloved Grammar School teacher in Stoughton).

"When I was leaving Helen last September, she looked up into my face, smiled, and said, 'You'll be glad, Miss Coffin.' Because I loved her so dearly, I can the better under-

stand what her change of home means to the dear ones that are left—those who loved her and whom she loved the best.

“I wish that I could find words to express to you the deep affection and admiration that I have always felt for Helen. I realized soon after she entered my grade that she was a girl whose deep thinking and strength of character were far beyond what one would expect to find in a girl of twelve years, and yet she was full of fun, too. How many good times we have had together. She was intensely unselfish and loyal, and so bright and conscientious in her work.

“I was sorry when the year ended, and I knew that she was going to Evanston. I feared she would forget me, but soon the bright, cheery letters came, telling me about the new home and later the school life and little Robert’s cute sayings, so that I kept in touch with the life there. Then when she ‘came on’ to enter Wellesley, we had one of our good old ‘visits,’ which was repeated so many times during her school life there. Our last Stoughton ‘visit’ was on the afternoon of March eighteen, just after the Wellesley fire. We attended Fortnightly Club in the evening, and she expected to see me again, but left suddenly for Evanston. One other brief chat after church, in May, and the beautiful afternoon at the hospital—now, only a memory remains. But what a beautiful memory! May the God in whom Helen trusted grant you comfort and peace.”

(From Miss Mary R. Cole, Wellesley College).

“We all were very fond of Helen.”

(Hon. George W. Coleman, of Boston, Mass.)

“We rejoice with you in the noble heart that sustained your dear daughter to the end and radiated such blessed light among all who knew her.”

(From Mrs. Ida B. Collins, Evanston, Ill.)

“I have a beautiful picture in my memory of Helen as she used to sit with her brother, Sunday after Sunday, in the church, in all the beauty and freshness of her youth. With all our grief we have the joy of knowing that she is safe home with our Father in that ‘house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.’”

(From Professor Martha P. Conant, of the Department of English Literature, Wellesley College, a letter to Helen, Dec. 6, 1914).

"Chi Che Wang told me, first, of your illness and how brave you were. I have thought of you this fall, while we have been so busy teaching and studying and doing so many things to build the unseen and eternal Wellesley; and while we have been busy, too, raising money for the actual, visible college. But you have been doing something far finer than anything we could do, and your patience and courage and cheer are surely helping to build the unseen Wellesley that is so dear to us. You are giving a gift of light to the Wellesley girls to carry on—as the womanly figure in the memorial bas-relief of Alice Freeman Palmer, is giving the light to the younger girl. I do want you to have the comfort of knowing that Wellesley feels not only sympathy for you, but gratitude for this gift."

(From Mrs. Irving W. Cotton, Cambridge).

"I remember the last time I saw Helen. She called at the door after her year at college, radiant in health, with the red in her cheek and the light in her eye and the promise of large things in the coming years. So I shall always think of her, and the memory of her courage and endurance, as one and another have brought me word of her brave battle and victory, will strengthen my faith in the hard places that come with the passing days."

(From Miss Mabel A. Cotton, of Cambridge, Helen's beloved S. S. teacher in that city).

"Thank you for the newspaper telling so beautifully about dear, brave, courageous Helen. What a beautiful example to us all! There will always be pleasant memories of her abundant, happy, helpful life."

(From Mrs. Florence Wyman Currier, a Cambridge friend).

"How wonderful it must be to have a daughter of whom you can feel so proud, and how unspeakably you must miss her."

(From Mrs. F. A. DeWolf, Mansfield, Mass.).

"I have heard what a beautiful Christian character your dear one had developed—God has only taken His own. It used to seem to me that when a child or young person was taken away it meant a life broken off; but I have a different conception of late years. Life is continued—only removed to another sphere of action."

(From Hon. J. M. Dickinson, Chicago, formerly Secretary of War).

"The loss of a child is always distressing, but I can well believe that you have suffered more than an ordinary loss. A bright light, a charming presence, a hope for a bright and useful future have gone out of your home. But these very things that intensify the loss bring the surest consolation, for what can give such comfort as the knowledge that one whom we loved had the graces that would leave behind the most pleasing memories and make her most fit for that great and final transition to a higher sphere of action? I have not read it in a long time, but venture to say that a reading of the letter of Plutarch to his wife on the loss of their daughter, will, though from one who was not a Christian, bring consolatory reflections even to a Christian minister."

(From Miss Edna F. Drake, Canton).

"I am glad to know more about her life, and to know how bravely she has contended with a big thing. I may be better able to struggle with the little or big things which may come into my life."

(From Mrs. Frank E. Drake, a next door Stoughton neighbor).

"There must be at least a little comfort in knowing that Helen's beautiful character brought her many friends who loved her dearly."

(From Frederick T. Drake, of Stoneham, Mass., written during Helen's illness).

"It must have been a great comfort to have your dear Helen look so steadfastly on things spiritual. We cannot understand why God lets such pain and suffering come into our lives, but we can believe that, beyond our mortal vision, He has some great and beneficent purpose."

(From Prof. Daniel Evans, Andover Theological Seminary, Cambridge, Mass.)

"It is the Christmas season; many hearts will be joyful. I pray that the peace of Christmas may come to you from the great hope that the heavenly joy has come to her."

(From Dr. Edward H. Ewing, Stoughton).

"It was not my fortune to know Miss Helen, but I knew of her courage and cheerfulness and also that she has won the only battle worth winning."

(From Miss May F. Fellows, Greenfield, Mass.)

"I recall Helen as a very promising girl and full of health and life, and it seems very sad to have that life so distressingly ended. May our Heavenly Father give you strength to bear your grief."

(From Miss Mary C. Fisher, Ponkapoag, Mass., Helen's great-aunt).

"Dear Helen is free now from her terrible agony, and Heaven will be more precious to her, free from all pain and sorrow."

(From Miss Irene Fogg, of Wellesley College, who had suffered long from injuries received in an automobile accident, a letter to Helen).

"Wellesley is sending you all the love of those who know you and we are all hoping that our sympathy will help to ease the pain.

"I hear that you are the most cheerful, dear, brave little girl. It is a wonderful thing to be so brave, and Wellesley is proud of you for 'you are worthy of the Wellesley blue.'"

(From Miss Ancinette Gardner, of Evanston, Ill., Helen's Sunday School teacher, a letter to Helen's mother, October 8, 1914).

"Mother has just told me of Helen. She learned this afternoon about the little girl's accident, and, Mrs. Beals, it just seems as though it simply can't be! Of all the little girls that let me go with them through three years here in Sunday

School, somehow Helen had the very first place in my heart. It was an inspiration to be with Helen. I think I almost never have known a young girl of such firm, true blue qualities. And the little feeling I have that she held a little warm place in her heart for me will always be one of my strongest supports."

(A Thanksgiving Day letter from Miss Gardner to Helen, 1914).

"This is just a note tonight, little friend, not a letter; but I just wanted you to know that among the things for which I give thanks this year and for which I will give thanks every year, is for the gift of your friendship and the lessons in courage and noble womanliness that have come to me through your strength. That is just a little secret between us, Helen, but your face greets me every time I go to my dresser, and it means to me that such strength is possible and some day may be mine. I thank you, Helen."

(From Miss Gardner to Helen's mother).

"Surely Helen's life has been a benediction to your home and to all her friends; and that wonderfully beautiful character will be such an inspiration to all whom she has touched that her life indeed will be eternal in its mission of helpfulness.

"Such courage is almost beyond my comprehension, and I only hope that if ever such a cross comes to me I may have learned a lesson from that little girl that will help sustain me."

(From Mr. and Mrs. Leroy A. Goddard, Chicago).

"Your beautiful daughter has said all to comfort and help you that human words can say. May you become conscious that Helen is not only living but near you, learning and going on as the other children, and going on in the school of life, fulfilling her God-given mission."

(From Fred S. Haynes, a deacon of the Prospect Street Church, Cambridge).

"Helen surely was a dear good girl. She has been a wonderful help to me in my Christian life, and I thank our

Heavenly Father that it has been my privilege to have known her for the past twelve years or so. Her bravery and fortitude during the last four months of her life have been a great uplift to me."

(From Miss Olga E. Herrick, of North Easton, to Helen, Sept. 22, 1914).

"The reports of your cheery courage help me and all who hear of it. 'They also serve who only stand and wait.'"

(From Miss Anna L. Hibbs, a Wellesley classmate).

"Helen dear, I couldn't believe at first that you are not to be one of us in 1916, any longer, but we'll always think of you as with us, and as one of the finest girls in our class. I'm not going to tire you any more, but I did want to write a little to tell you how much we miss you at Wellesley and how much we all love you."

(From Miss Helen Noyes Hicks, of Cambridge).

"I want to thank you very much, for us all, for the Stoughton paper, giving the picture and beautiful account of dear Helen's life. I shall always keep it among my dearest treasures, as I shall also always remember and try to profit by her beautiful, pure, brave life.

"'Ah, hush, hush, hush! All the swift wings furl,
For the King Himself, at the gates of pearl,
Is taking her hand, dear, tired little girl,
And leading her home to heaven.'

Helen has left us all a beautiful example of love, faith and fortitude."

(From Mrs. Henry E. Holbrook, of Los Angeles, California, formerly of Stoughton, from a letter to Helen, Oct. 25, 1914).

"I have heard what a little martyr you have been through your great trial and of your wonderful endurance and beautiful faith; and it has helped and strengthened us all. Your life has been an inspiration and a blessing to everyone who met you and I know that we shall live nobler and better lives for having known you."

(From Mrs. F. E. Holland, of Providence, R. I., a neighbor at Passaconaway, N. H.)

"Oh, how you will miss her on earth, for she was one sweet, brave little girl! To know her was to love her. How nice to have all these happy things to think."

(From Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Minister of the Church of the Messiah, New York City).

"What a wonderful girl your daughter was, and what a blessing you have after all in the abiding memory of her radiant life and heroic death."

(From Mrs. Arthur P. [Una A.] Hunt, of New York, a summer neighbor at Passaconaway, N. H.)

"We were greatly distressed to hear of Helen's death. Of course we were expecting the news, and in a way were relieved to hear it and know that all her suffering was over; but still it was a shock, because it seemed as if Helen could not die. Even as I read the news her personality was as vividly and vitally before me as if she stood in the room, and then I at once realized the difference of this death from most other deaths I have known. The thought of other people has not been so vivid and living, and in that sense she can never die. She will always be to the people who know her even slightly a living memory, bringing all the fresh enthusiasm and inspiration that she as a person always brought with her. She was a very remarkable personality and always among the most inspiring and helpful memories will be that last time at Passaconaway, when she was starting back to the hospital, calm, courageous and only thoughtful of others. It was wonderful."

(From Mrs. William F. Hurter, Cambridge, Mass.)

"Helen had grown into such a splendid girl; we were so glad for all the joy the future promised; and we, too, looked forward to the time when she could 'give herself' to some good work—as she expressed it to us."

(From Professor Charles Cheney Hyde, of Chicago).

"I can understand what an inspiration you have had and ever will increasingly have in every thought of your daughter."

(From Miss Edith Florence Jones, of Wellesley College, who had not learned of Helen's translation, a Christmas letter to Helen).

"I have heard of your splendid courage, of the fine bravery with which you are facing your illness, and I can well understand it when I think of your sunny smile and the look of serene calm which I always saw on your face. God keep you strong and teach us all a lesson of patience and sweetness."

(From Miss Jones to Helen's mother).

"I regret deeply the fine, strong life that is lost to our world. I knew Helen and loved her, and my memory of her will always be one of courage and sunshiny good cheer, of fine bravery and perfect faith."

(From Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Director of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago).

"At last peace has come and the radiant beauty in your home has been lifted above pain and made perennial through sorrow. The tears have washed clear the eyes so that they may see more clearly than ever before the profundity of the life that now is and the wealth of the mystery that awaits solution.

"Dear friends, I wish I could tell you something of the sympathy that goes out to you from the Lincoln Centre. They have learned to love the daughter they had never seen for the father's sake and to suffer with him. You need no attempt on my part to express the inexpressible. We have gone far enough into the divine mystery to forego the attempts to utter the unutterable. Now I pray that peace may come to your tired bodies, serenity at last soothe your strained nerves and slowly but surely the thing of beauty that is a joy forever may be with you, growing ever and ever into more gracious abundance. My love goes out to you and with it comes that of all those of the Lincoln Centre who learned to love you as a great message bearer of Peace. May the same come to you abundantly."

(From Mrs. S. Abbie Kimball, of Stoneham, Mass.)

"Such faith as your dear one had is an inspiration to me in my very lonely home."

(Mrs. and Mrs. Maurice S. Kuhns, Chicago).

"Helen touched our lives through your enthusiastic references to her and we felt that we knew her. The ways of the Divine are inscrutable and those who can earnestly say 'Thy will be done and not mine,' have reached a sublime height and may minister to others."

(From Hon. Edward S. Lacey, of Evanston, Ill., a next-door neighbor).

"The dear one whose companionship you have temporarily lost possessed a most attractive personality and commanded the admiration and affection of all who knew her."

(From Mrs. E. S. Lacey, Evanston, Ill.)

"I know so well the ambitions which centered in this gifted daughter, and you seemed to have reason to believe that every hope would come to a glorious fruition."

(From Louis P. Lochner, Secretary of the Chicago Peace Society).

"What a comfort it must be to you to know how firmly she believed, as you do, in her immortality."

(From Mrs. S. C. Lovell, Mansfield Mass.)

"I was glad to get the paper and see her dear face. I had not known all the particulars in regard to her sickness until I received the paper. All the picture I have ever seen is her baby picture which I have. It has the same sweet smile."

(Rev. Mary F. Macomber, Pastor of Congregational Church, Lanesville, Mass.)

"We shall never forget her beautiful life or her triumphant death, and truly, as Scripture says, 'the memory of the just is blessed.'"

(From Miss Theresa Marshall, Wellesley, '16, to Helen).

"I want to assure you that all of us think of you often and admire your bravery. 1916 is glad to have such girls as you."

(From Rev. Dr. F. T. Mayer-Oakes, Pastor of Congregational Church, Stoughton, who called on Helen repeatedly in the hospital).

"I never saw the dear girl in her suffering but that I came away blessed"

(From Ellen R. McNamara, Stoughton, a classmate of Helen in the Stoughton High School).

"Helen was truly a beautiful girl, and was always a loyal, good friend to me. . . . Helen was the first to go from our class."

(From Miss Antoinette B. P. Metcalf, Reference Librarian of Wellesley College, who repeatedly sent flowers and wrote many charming, cheering letters to Helen during the long illness, a letter to Helen's Mother).

"I told Mr. Beals that I should be greatly pleased to have a picture of your daughter. . . . I shall look at it and be, I think, better for doing so, many, many, times."

(From Benjamin F. Methven, of Chicago).

"When I look upon her beautiful face, smiling at me from the paper, I am filled with sorrow, sympathy and regret; sorrow for you and your family, and regret that so charming a personality should be taken from us."

(From Miss Beatrice Monk, of Stoughton, whose letters and gifts of flowers were a great solace to Helen).

"I am regretting more than ever that the years Helen was in Stoughton were the years when I was away" (at Radcliffe). "I have felt since I have known Helen that she was a kindred spirit. That is why I have thought of her continually during the past months and why I am still thinking of her this" (Christmas) "morning."

(From Ernest Morehouse, of Chicago).

"I am unable to express my deep feeling. Words are small consolation at such a time, when within one's own soul must be found the strength to withstand the inevitable."

(Henry C. Morris, Chicago).

"I feel myself the poorer that I had not more opportunity to know her better; and yet the fleeting impression of one or two meetings remains. While she has gone, her memory remains as a sweet perfume in the lives of those who were near her. . . . She dwells now in that happier sphere where all will eventually find rest."

(From Miss Eva M. Muirhead, a Cambridge friend and an instructor of nurses at the hospital where she saw Helen daily).

"There are no words adequate to express how much I got from Helen in her wonderful courage and submission to the Lord's will. I don't think you realize the influence she had on our nurses. I know she taught them a great lesson."

(From Dr. LeRoy A. Newton, Seattle, Wash.)

"It seems so short a time ago that Helen was my patient in Greenfield; and, although I have always loved children, yet she won a place in my memory that years have not effaced."

(From President John S. Nollen, Lake Forest College).

"I feel that I can write you out of my own experience of a sudden catastrophe that has left after all the sacreddest and most beautiful memory of my life. You will feel, as I do, that it is not strange for people to seek shrines; and we have our own, forever set in our inmost hearts. 'Made perfect through suffering'—we learn the deep meaning of that, and somehow, in spite of the revolt of mind and heart, we begin to fathom just a little the work that the suffering love of God our Father has to do in saving the world. Your daughter and my wife alike are mediators of a message that they could not have borne to mortals without going the tragic way 'through the valley of the shadow,' and they have emerged, with us, into the eternal sunlight."

(From Aunt Lucy Drake Osborne, Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1915).

"What a heritage she has left you! To be the parents of such a one is a great privilege, one I trust you will both eternally rejoice in."

(From Dr. Gardner H. Osgood, Boston, Helen's X-Ray doctor).

"Her memory will live with all who came in contact with her. I often think of her as a heroine and an example for me to try to live by."

(From President Ellen F. Pendleton, President of Wellesley College, May 13, 1915).

"May I take this opportunity to thank you for the photograph of your daughter Helen . . . which I was very glad to receive? It is unnecessary for me to say that the life of such a student as your daughter Helen enriches the College for all time."

(From Miss Mary G. Pfeiffer, a Wellesley classmate).

"I feel her loss most keenly. You know I lived next door to her all last year and I cannot realize that she will not soon come back to college. She was young indeed to start on 'The Great Adventure,' as someone poetically puts it, but I know she started forth with a brave heart."

(From Miss Lillian G. Povall, a neighbor at Passaconaway, N. H.)

"What a brave young soul she was. 'None knew her but to love her.' . . . We all loved Helen. She will live in our hearts always."

(From Mrs. Eliza G. Radeke, of Providence, R. I., a neighbor in the White Mountains).

"Her memory will be to me always more sacred and beautiful than I can say. I think her example will help us all in the New Year to strive for greater courage and greater patience."

(From Dr. Katharine P. Raymond, Resident Physician, Wellesley College, a letter to Helen's father, Nov. 12, 1914).

"Her courage and splendid spirit are surely a lesson for us all. . . . I only wish I could help her bear her suffering instead of just marveling at her wonderful spirit."

(From Mrs. Minnie Lunn Redcliffe, of New York).

"One had but to look into her face to see all that was beautiful and good. It must be one great consolation to be the parents of such a spiritual personality as Helen possessed."

(From Mrs. Mary G. Reed, Canton, Helen's music teacher).

"All that I have heard about Helen seems very wonderful to me. That a young girl could be so resigned, so cheerful, is unusual."

(From Mrs. L. J. Richards, Stoughton, a letter to Helen, Oct. 17, 1914).

"This little letter is to tell you that I have been thinking of you constantly ever since I had the great privilege of meeting you.

"Your bravery in the very teeth of indescribable physical agony is but the reflection of the divinity within you, and your beautiful patience is bearing much fruit even in this busy town.

"Everybody admires you. Everybody loves you. And all who know you unite in declaring that your life has been, and still is, at once an inspiration and a benediction.

"May I request you to accept my thanks for the lessons which I learned at your bedside that afternoon?

"And so with the loving thought of unnumbered recipients of your kindness, I leave you for awhile, assuring you that your influence is greater than you can ever realize, and that you, in the seclusion of your hospital room, are doing more to convince doubters of the great realities than any of the rest of us who are able to mingle with the world at large! God bless and keep you, dear child."

(From Dorothy Richardson, Helen's intimate friend in Stoneham, a letter to Helen, Sept. 18, 1914).

"I think you are the pluckiest, most patient little girl that ever was, and I want you to know that you have given me an example of patience and courage which I shall never forget. I shall try to be better and more patient because I have seen and known you."

(From Oliver W. Richardson, Stoneham).

"Never shall I forget the brief call which Dorothy and I were privileged to make to the sick room where your dear Helen lay in such suffering, nor will either Dorothy or I forget the influence of her saintly character as it shone through the suffering. Truly we felt as if we had been favored with a glimpse into the better land and as if a special benediction rested upon us. . . .

"The wonderful example of bravery and Christian fortitude shown by her has been, and I believe will continue to be, a powerful inspiration to you all and to all who were privileged to see her or know of it. It impressed me so powerfully that in a prayer meeting which I led soon after seeing Helen at the hospital in September I took the liberty of speaking of her and of the wonderful influence which radiated from her while on her bed of suffering, and we had a most helpful meeting."

(From Hon. George E. Roberts, of New York, formerly Superintendent of the Mint).

"Words do not signify much at such a time. The grace to sustain one under trials like yours must come from some other source—the source from whence came her wonderful fortitude. . . . You have been fortunate. You had the privilege of seeing your daughter develop into beautiful womanhood."

(From Miss Grace E. Rockwell, Cambridge, Mass., a letter written on the day of Helen's funeral).

"I am thinking of you with special tenderness on this day when your darling firstborn goes out from your home. We feel sure that Helen's beautiful spirit will deserve and receive such a recognition in the life beyond that we might fear she would forget us if we did not know that love, too, is immortal."

(From Dr. J. Arnold Rockwell, Cambridge, one of Helen's family physicians in Cambridge, and who saw Helen during her stay in the hospital).

"What a standard for us all to follow! I have seen much suffering in my wanderings here and there, and never

have I seen in a mere child, as she always seemed to be to me, such courage and control. It is well that your darling daughter suffers no more, but it seems difficult of understanding why such a life should be taken from us. Think of what the girl would have been had she gone on along paths that she had already laid out! I took much comfort in giving her an occasional visit, for it was such an inspiration to see her smiling face."

(From Mr. Francis A. Rugg, of Greenfield, Mass., a deacon of the Second Congregational Church).

"I remember the bright, winsome face of Helen, and know there must be a heart-breaking vacancy in the home she had cheered by her presence."

(From Mrs. S——, in whose home Helen had visited, a letter to Helen's mother, September 17, 1914).

"We are very fond of Helen, and as Mr. S—— often said, of all the girls who came here, Helen seemed to be the one of the most promise."

(From Mrs. A. D. Sanders, Evanston, Ill.)

"Helen seemed the picture of health and vigor. What sweet memories you will have of her short but well lived life!"

(From Miss Celia Sargent, teacher, Evanston, Ill.)

"The greatest comfort is her unshaken faith and her wonderful courage. . . . Robert will never know how . . . I enjoyed having him in school. The occasional visits of his sister are a pleasant memory."

(From the Misses Mary and Helen Seabury, of New Bedford).

"Your letter came this morning and we did not get through it without a voice-break. It hurts to think of others being so in the furnace, but it uplifts to get a glimpse of what fire cannot burn. 'Spirit and reality, life and Heaven'—those are beautiful words. Your glimpse just now into what they stand for makes us think of one time when we were in the mountains and the clouds were all round the house, and yet we could look through them and through a gap in the range and see the sun shining in the country beyond."

(From Mrs. Julia W. Smith, matron of Wilder Hall, Wellesley College).

"Your message this morning filled my heart brim full of kindest sympathy for you all. We shall miss Helen much at Wilder. Her courage will be an inspiration to us all."

(From Miss Elizabeth C. Southard, who had charge of Helen's ward in the hospital. The floral tributes were sent, after the funeral, and in accordance with Helen's request, to the hospital in which she had been so tenderly ministered unto, during long months of pain).

"The flowers that came to our wards were beautiful, and on Christmas morning I did what I knew Helen would have wished me to do—I gave each patient a rosebud and placed the remainder of the flowers in the center of the wards. It seemed as if Helen were in our midst throughout the day.

"I should have loved to see her once more, but I was sending thoughts all the while and I'm sure she didn't forget 'Aunt Betty.' I cannot tell you the joy I received from knowing 'Penny,' and her life will ever be an inspiration to me."

(From Miss Helen Stanbery, Evanston, Ill., an Evanston friend and a Wellesley College mate).

"I have always appreciated Helen as a dear friend. She is certainly, with her bravery, patience and cheerfulness, an example and inspiration to us all."

(From Mrs. Florence Trueblood Steere, Haverford, Pa.)

"How many lessons of strength and Christian fortitude your brave Helen taught us!"

(From Mrs. Elbertine Z. Stevens, Wellesley, in whose home Helen roomed during her freshman year in college).

"Helen certainly had a very happy, cheerful temperament. During the year she was with us, I never saw her in any other than a happy state of mind."

(Letter from Miss Harriet Stratemeyer, Newark, N. J., a Wellesley classmate who had not heard of Helen's translation, a letter to Helen, Dec. 24, 1914).

"I might wish, etc., for you, but it seems so much more appropriate to congratulate you at this time. For, from what everyone writes to me about you, I know that your life and attitude toward others, and especially at this time, is such a splendid example of what Jesus means, what He wanted us to be and do. . . . You are such a wonderful girl, Helen, and my biggest wish this night (Christmas Eve) is that many others may be led to live as you have lived."

(From Miss Stratemeyer to Helen's mother).

"Thank you very much for sending the newspaper account. Just the short year I knew Helen at college I knew her as just the kind of a wonderful girl that the articles speak of. . . . I realize how much she has given us as an example to live by."

(From Miss Muriel Streibert, Helen's Bible teacher at Wellesley, a letter to Helen, Oct. 20, 1914).

"My dear Helen: I did not know until just the other day. I supposed that I simply had not happened to meet you on the campus—though I kept looking for you. My stronger feeling is one of rejoicing with you—not a jubilant, but a solemn and very deep rejoicing, because you are so near that of which we all dream and toward which we all look. . . . While we go on dimly groping and seeing through a glass darkly, you will be seeing face to face. How near you are to the larger life, the fuller life! There is a sentence from a modern poet that I often think of—

"'Oh, thou last fulfillment of life, Death,
My death, come and whisper to me.'"

And so it does come, to whisper to me of the most precious things, the most comforting things I know.

"We shall follow you on with more of courage because of your great courage, more strong to bear whatever comes to us because you have borne your burden so bravely. So, though we shall miss you, you will be with us and Wellesley will be a better Wellesley because of you.

"My love goes out to you, dear, brave little girl."

(A letter from Miss Streibert to Helen's parents).

"No one could know her at all and not realize what an unusually strong character she was. I heartily enjoyed her thoughtful and appreciative presence in my class. Just a year ago I took a long walk with her. She has left much with us all, much that we value. . . .

"How it elevates human nature to realize that a person who is just 'one of us' can live and die as she did! I am very glad to have the picture. It is so like her, and it brings real inspiration as it faces me on my desk. I thank you very heartily for it."

(From Rev. John G. Taylor, of Arlington, Mass.)

"Your noble, brave, devout daughter has found release from suffering, and has come to herself in the larger and profounder life. There are many unexplainable events in life, but we must not lose confidence in the reliability and goodness of God. It cannot be that such a heroic soul as your Helen will lose by going 'yonder,' although she drops out of a home that was so much to her."

(From Mrs. Benjamin F. Trueblood, Washington, D. C., Dec. 4, 1914).

"It is so marvelous and wonderful how brave and sweet and strong she is under such suffering and patient while awaiting the welcome home. The lesson from the life of such a beautiful character makes us all more patient and loving and thoughtful."

(A letter from Mrs. Trueblood, after Helen's death).

"I cannot tell why, and yet it seems to me that it is given you to feel that your dear Helen is near and not far removed from you."

(From Miss Lyra Trueblood, Washington, D. C.)

"It has been a real comfort to read of Helen's beautiful, patient life during the months when such terrible suffering was her lot. I cannot help feeling that many accomplish as much in a few short years of life as do the greater number of people in the longer span that is theirs. . . . It will always be an inspiration to think of her patience and courage under such suffering."

(From Mrs. Anna B. Valiquet, Stoughton, Dec. 29, 1914).

"When Christmas came and the new birth of your beautiful daughter, I thought how grand it was that the star of Bethlehem, with its wonderful promise, was still shining for us all. May we feel no separation but realize she is closer to you than ever."

(From George C. Wales, of Boston, a Technology classmate of Helen's father).

"To have had such a daughter, and to have seen her grow through childhood to womanhood, surely must have been a great gift; and to lose her now, a sad loss.

"An ordinary man cannot well speak of the mysteries of life, but surely it is something to have had a happy youth; and if the full fruition is lost, she also has been spared the disillusion and disappointments that are the share of most of us."

(From Rev. Walter Walsh, D. D., London, England).

"My heart bleeds for you when I peruse the account of your daughter Helen's passing away from you, for I recall how bright and affectionate all your bairns were to their father and mother, and each of them to all the others. It was one of the things that struck me in that all too brief week-end I spent with you at Evanston. How greatly, then, will this bonnie girl be missed among you! You will feel that life can never be the same for you; nor indeed can it be. And the thought of the brave one will hallow, even if it overshadows, all your future."

(From Hector Waylen, Manchester, England).

"The paper came this morning with the touching story of your daughter's bright life and transition to what I doubt not will be a still brighter one."

(From Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D. D., Secretary of Department of Foreign Relations, American Unitarian Association).

"So pure, exalted and heroic a spirit cannot perish, but must find its transfiguration in the Hereafter. She has im-

parted to us who knew her, or who knew of her brave and glorious endurance, an increased faith in the eternity of the human soul and its kinship with the Divine."

(From Dr. Walter Wesselhoeft, of Cambridge, the family's beloved physician in that city).

"Tho' I gave no evidence of my interest in poor Helen's fate after she left my hands, I followed her case with deepest sympathy. To think of a bright young life, full of promise and joy, cut down by such a disease! Submit, submit; and bear as well as you can until time brings its aid to a nearer view than that permitted by pain and loss. You had time to see that which was spiritual in that tortured young life and have known how to value it."

(From Dr. William F. Wesselhoeft, Boston, the beloved surgeon who ministered to Helen).

"It must be a satisfaction to you and Mrs. Beals to realize how much Helen endeared herself to so many, and how much she is missed. I have never seen a greater fortitude and patience than she showed during those tragic weeks. She was so young, so bright, so loved, and had so much to look forward to. I feel it was a great privilege to have known her, and I remember her as my gentle heroine."

(From Mrs. Edna Foote Whipple, of Evanston, Ill., whose husband was one of Helen's teachers in the Evanston Township School).

"Mr. Whipple and I want you to know of our very deep sympathy for you in the loss of your beautiful daughter. She was a real joy to Mr. Whipple, while a student of his, and when I met her, I was greatly attracted to her. Perhaps you remember she came to me last spring when she came home after the Wellesley fire. I remember thinking I wished our little girl would grow up as beautiful as she, her character shone so clearly in her fresh young face."



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